

The Lexington Gazette.

VOLUME 99, NUMBER 44

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1903.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Fraternal Orders.

Mountain City Lodge, No. 67, Ancient York Masons, meets 2nd and 4th Monday nights at Masonic Hall, J. Will Moore, W. M. A. T. Shields, Sec'y.

Rockbridge Lodge, No. 58, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday night, at Odd Fellows' Hall, W. E. Quisenberry, N. G. J. V. Grinstead, K. R. S.

Lexington Lodge, No. 66, K. of P., meets every Tuesday night, at Odd Fellows' Hall, L. C. Houser, C. C. J. V. Grinstead, K. R. S.

Natural Bridge Council, No. 920, Royal Arcanum, meets 1st and 3rd Friday nights in each month, A. W. Mansple, Regent, James Withrow, Sec'y.

Leo Jackson Camp, No. 82, Junior Order American Mechanics, meets every 2nd and 4th Friday nights at Odd Fellows' Hall, F. S. Johnston, Counselor, D. B. Radford, Sec'y.

Liberty Lodge, No. 2, Daughters of Rebekah, meets every Monday night at Odd Fellows' Hall, Miss Anna K. Kruse, N. G. Mrs. M. F. Crigler, Sec'y.

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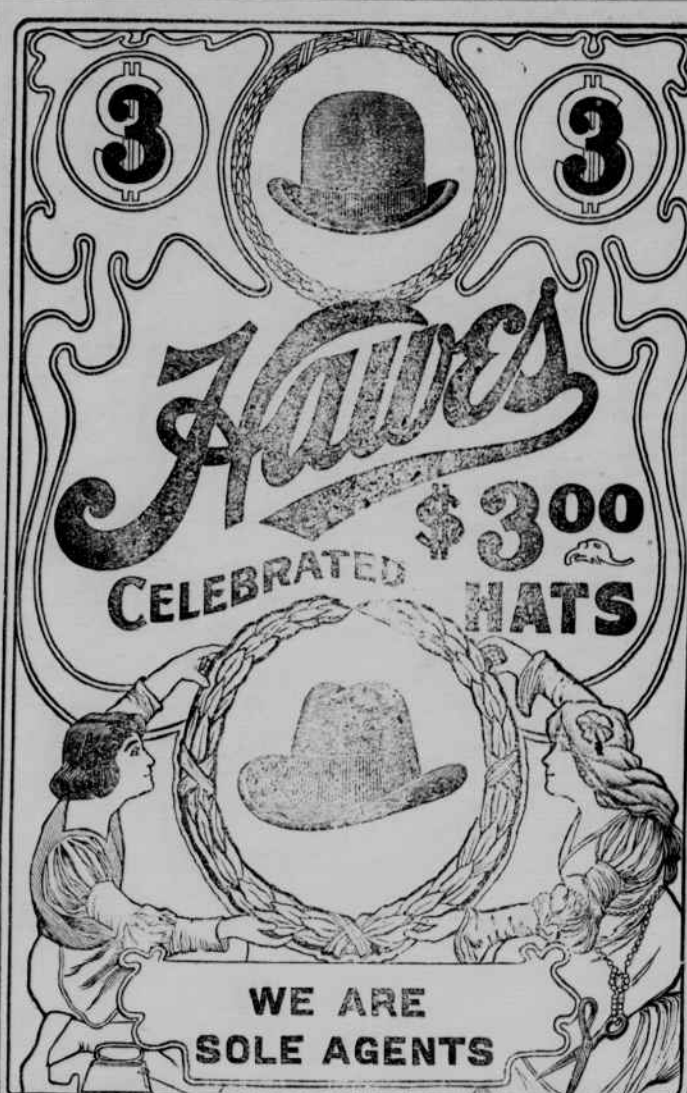
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Apple Crop. Ask to see one of our

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FREEZERS and LAWN MOWERS left that we are clos-
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Fixtures**

Car of Heating Stoves
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Prices Right.
Come and get your Drill
Repairs and save money.

W. F. PIERSON.

**Owing to the excessive de-
mand which necessitates the instal-
lation of NEW MACHINERY, we will
be unable to fill any further orders
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FERTILIZER LIME.**

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AT THE

Progressive Cash Store

We are daily receiving NEW WINTER GOODS, and our stock
will be more complete than ever before. Notwithstanding the great
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We will save you money in this line. Come and see us before buying
your Winter Clothing.

Soliciting your patronage, we are yours to serve,

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DO YOU GET UP

WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the news-
papers is sure to know of the wonderful
cures made by Dr.
Kilmer's Swamp-Root,
the great kidney, liver
and bladder remedy.
It is the great medi-
cal triumph of the nine-
teenth century; dis-
covered after years of
scientific research by
Dr. Kilmer, the emi-
nent kidney and blad-
der specialist, and is
wonderfully successful in promptly curing
lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid trou-
bles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst
form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not rec-
ommended for everything but if you have kid-
ney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found
just the remedy you need. It has been tested
in so many ways, in hospital work, in private
practice, among the helpless too poor to pur-
chase relief and has proved so successful in
every case that a special arrangement has
been made by which all readers of this paper
who have not already tried it, may have a
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telling more about Swamp-Root and how to
find out if you have kidney or bladder trou-
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Dr. Kilmer & Co., Bingham-
ton, N. Y. The
regular fifty cent and Home of Swamp-Root
dollar size are sold by all good druggists.
Don't make any mistake, but remember
the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's
Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton,
N. Y., on every bottle.

HIS BETROTHED.

An Experience of Fredrika Bremer In
America.

When Fredrika Bremer, the Swed-
ish novelist, was traveling in Amer-
ica she took the liberty of talking
with all kinds of strangers and asked
kindly but very personal ques-
tions. One day in going from New
York to Washington, says Lippin-
cott's Magazine, she sat beside a
young mechanic, and in her desire
of obtaining information began to
question him:

"What is your name?"
"Jonathan Brewster, mum."
"How old are you?"
"Just twenty-four, mum."
"Are your parents living?"
"No, mum."
"Are you married?"
"No, mum."
"What work do you do?"
"I am a bricklayer, mum."
"How much do you make at your
trade?"

"Two dollars a day, mum."
"You do not drink, I hope?"
"No, mum; I'm a teetotal."
Then, to her amusement, the
young workman turned about and
put the same questions to her. She
answered them with the greatest
frankness and good nature, and at
Philadelphia, where she was to stop
over, she left him. That day after
dinner a waiter came to her in the
hotel with the information that a
young man wanted to see her.

"I know no one here," said she.
"There must be some mistake."
"He says he came over with you
from New York. His name is Jon-
athan Brewster."
"Oh!" laughed the lady. "Well,
you may tell him I am tired, and he
really must excuse me."
Presently the waiter was back
again.

"Miss Bremer," said he, "that
young chap won't go. He says you
never could have tried to send him
away, for you want to marry him.
He says you asked him about his
circumstances and told him you were
single and that you made a lot of
money. So he thinks he'd rather
live in Sweden with a rich wife than
slave here for \$2 a day."

Women in Prison.

The woman in prison is despoiled
of her fine feathers. The complete
mortification of that harmless sort
of vanity which fills so much of a
woman's life makes her durance
doubly vile. Her hair is shorn of
its last lock, while the face that
gazed with perfect passiveness at
the judge who sentenced her is raised
in piteous protest. When the
hair grows longer again there is
grumbling because a thoughtless ad-
ministrator provides no hairpins.
One woman skimmed the fat from
her broth after it had cooled to glit-
ter her crown of glory, an attendant
relates. One girl, envied to the point
of madness, certainly roused. Final-
ly her secret was out. She had
drawn some red threads from her
skirt, chewed them to extract the
color and used it on her lips and
cheeks. The most oppressive peni-
tence is lack of mirrors. Still there
are no male hearts around to break.

--New York Press.

Considerate.

A well known New York clergy-
man had a habit at one time of con-
ditioning his actions with the phrase
"Deo volente," or "God willing," or
something of the sort. An old wo-
man, the head of an aristocratic
family, invited him to dine. "I shall
be delighted to accept," he said, "if
I am spared."

Perhaps the woman thought she
smiled cant in the terminal phrase,
for she said quickly, "Oh, if you're
dead I promise not to expect you."
--Christian Register.

Why He Did Not Hurry.
Old Gentleman--My boy, don't
you go to school?
Boy--Yes, sir.
"It's a long time after 9, and here
you are playing."
"That's all right. We had a rather
late breakfast, and mamma was
afraid I'd be late, so she wrote me
an excuse, and I've got it in my
pocket."

GEMS IN VERSE

The Country Store.

Far out beyond the city's lights,
Away from din and roar,
The cricket chirps of summer nights
Beneath the country store.
The dry goods boxes rickled around
Afford a welcome seat
For weary tigers of the ground
Who here of evenings meet.

A swinging sign of ancient make
And one above the door
Proclaim that William Henry Blake
Is owner of the store.
Here everything, from jeans to tweed,
From silks to gingham bright,
Is spread before the folk who need
From early morn till night.

Tea, sugar, coffee (brown and green),
Molasses, grindstones, tar,
Suspenders, peanuts, navy beans,
And home made vinegar;
Fine combs, wash wringers, rakes, false
hair,

Straw hats and corset slippers,
Prunes, buttons, codfish, birdie vials,
Cranberries, clucks and clippers.
Lawn mowers, candles, books to read,
Corn planter, household goods,
Tobacco, seed, salt, clover seed,
Horsehips and knitted hoods,
Canned goods, shoeblacking, lime and
nulls.

Umbrellas, candles, scythes and hats,
Caps, boots and shoes and bacon,
Thread, nutmegs, pins and rough on rats,
Bird seed, face powder, matches, nite
ink, onion sets and more
Are found in heaps and stacks and piles
Within the country store.
--Atlanta Constitution.

Woman's Work

Peter Carter pushed his chair
back from the table and surveyed
the faded little face on the opposite
side of the tea tray.

Faded enough now, though she
was barely twenty-seven. You would
hardly have believed how fresh and
pretty Carry Carver had been on
her wedding day. Her husband saw
the change, but somehow he sup-
posed all women faded just so.

"There is so much to do, Peter,
and the children demand so much
of my time," pleaded the meek wife.
"If I were manager in this house-
hold things would happen very dif-
ferently."
"I have no doubt of it," said Car-
ry quietly.

"There is no earthly reason," went
on Mr. Carver, ignoring the sarca-
stic meaning of her tone, "why the
work shouldn't be done and you
dressed and enjoying yourself, cul-
tivating your mind or something, at
11 o'clock every morning that you
live. Washing up a few dishes,
sweeping a room or two, what does
it all amount to? Why, my dear,
don't you see the folly of asking for
a servant to help you do nothing at
all?"

The morning sunshine crept
down the pale green wall paper,
sprinkling drops of gold on the few
little geranium plants that Peter
called a "waste of time" and lay in
noon splendors on the carpet, and
still Carry Carver stood there,
thinking--thinking.

"Carry! Aren't you going to get
up this morning? It is half past 7,
and--"
"I cannot, Peter," groaned Carry,
turning her face away from the
light. "I am suffering such dreadful
pains in that foot I sprained last
night."
"Well, what shall I do?"
"You must take charge of the
housekeeping yourself, Peter," said
Carry, hiding in the folds of her
pillow. "It's only for a day or two,
and I don't know of any help you
can obtain. It won't be much, you
know."

"That's true," said Peter, some-
what encouraged.
"Please darken the room, and don't
speak to me if you can help it. I
have such a racking headache, and
the least excitement drives me
wild."

Peter shut the door with distract-
ing caution and went downstairs on
creaking tiptoe. As he passed the
nursery door a duet of voices chimed
on his ears.
"Papa, papa, we are not dressed."
"Dress yourselves, then, can't
you?" said Mr. Carver, pausing.
"Pet is too little to dress herself,"
said Tommy loftily, "and mamma
always dresses me."

"Where are your shoes?"
"I don't know," said Tommy,
with his finger in his mouth.
"I know," said Pet, aptly reveng-
ing herself for the hit at her di-
minutive proportions. "Tommy
dropped them out of the window."
Crash! went a fancy bottle of co-
logne off the table as Tommy
groped for his garters. Bang! fell
Mrs. Carver's rosewood writing desk
to the floor, bursting off the frail
hinges and scattering pens, envel-
opes and postage stamps far and
wide.

Mr. Carver was an affec-
tionate father in a general way, but
human nature could not have en-
dured this.
And he bundled the two little
creatures miscellaneous into what-
ever articles came uppermost, rend-
ing off strings and fracturing but-
tonholes in frantic desperation.
The fire obstinately declined to
burn, although Mr. Carver opened
the oven doors alternately and drew
out all the dampers he could spy.
"Confound the fire!" said Mr.
Carver, mopping his wet forehead
with the stove cloth. "It won't go.
I'll have a blaze of kindling and try
the breakfast on that."

He seized the ham and carved
several thick slices, which he trans-
ferred deftly to a gridiron and then,

elated with his success, broke sev-
eral eggs over the ham.

"Bless me, how they run!" he
ejaculated, rather puzzled. "But I
know I'm right. I wonder why this
coffee doesn't boil. I'll stick in a
few more kindlings--that's the idea.
There are the children crying--
hungry, I suppose. I do believe
they do nothing but eat and cry."
Mr. Carver rushed to attend the
peremptory summons of the milk-
man.

And then he sat down, tired and
spiritless, to a repast of half cooked
meat and liquid mud, by courtesy
termed coffee.

He looked despairingly around at
the chaos that reigned in the kitchen.
"Nine o'clock, as I live, and noth-
ing done. Well, I see very plainly
there's no office for me today. Now,
then, what's wanting?"

"The clothes for the wash, please,
sir," said a little girl, courtesying
humbly at the door.
"Upstairs and downstairs" went
Peter Carver, laying hands on what-
ever he considered proper prey for
the washtub, rummaging in bureau
drawers, upheaving the contents of
trunks and turning wardrobes in-
side out for a mortal hour before he
had completed the requisite search.

The kitchen was empty when he
returned.
"Where are the children?" was
his first alarmed thought, express-
ing itself unconsciously in words.
"I saw 'em go out of the door,
please, sir," said the washerwoman's
little girl.

The July sun was beginning to
glow intensely in the heavens. The
pavements reflected the ardent
shine with tenfold heat, and poor
Peter Carver was nearly melted ere
he espied his hopeful son and heir,
with Pet following.

Neither of them would walk--in
fact, the little wanderers were far
too weary--so Mr. Carver mounted
one on each arm and carried them,
limp and unresisting, through the
streets.

"I'll have a nurse for you, my
young friends, before the world is a
day older," he said, grinding his
teeth with impotent wrath as he de-
posited Pet and Tommy on the floor
and went wearily to his household
duties.

"About the same, dear. How does
the housekeeping get along?"
"It don't get along at all."
"Is dinner ready?"
"Dinner?" echoed Peter in a sort
of dismayed tone. "Why, I haven't
got through with breakfast yet!"
"But it is 12 o'clock."
"I don't care if it's 25 o'clock. A
man can't do forty things at once."
"Where are the children?" asked
his wife.

"In bed. They were too much for
me, so I undressed 'em and put 'em
to bed to get them out of the way."
"Poor things!" said Carry.
"Poor me, I should think," said
Carver irately. "I had quite enough
to do without 'em. I've broken the
plates and melted off the nose of the
teapot and lost my diamond ring in
the ash barrel and cut my fingers
with the carving knife."
"Have you looked after the pic-
nics and baked fresh pies?"
"No."
"Nor blackened the range nor
cleaned the knives nor scrubbed the
kitchen floor?"
"No."
"Nor made the beds nor swept
the chamber nor dusted the parlors
nor polished the windows nor heard
the children's lessons nor taken care
of the canary birds nor--"

"Stop--stop!" ejaculated Mr. Pe-
ter Carver, tearing wildly at his
hair. "You don't mean to say that
you do all these things every day?"
"I do most certainly and long be-
fore 12 o'clock. And yet you won-
der that I am not dressed and culti-
vating my mind before 11 o'clock."
"My dear Carry," said Peter peni-
tently, "I have been a brute. I'll
have a cook and a nurse and a
chambermaid here just as soon as I
can possibly obtain them. You
shall be a drudge no longer."

A few minutes afterward the un-
skilled cook was scorching his whis-
kers over a gridiron covered with
hissing mutton chops, which would
alarm him by suddenly blazing up
into his face without the least pre-
monitory symptom, when a light
step crossed the kitchen floor and a
little hand took the handle of the
gridiron from his grasp.

"Carry!"
"I release you from duty," smiled
the wife. "My ankle is better now."
"I say, Carry!"
"Well?"
"Tell the truth, now. Wasn't that
ankle business a little exaggerat-
ed?"

Scarlet Funerals.
They have a curious custom at
the burial of married women in Bra-
zil. The coffin, hearse and the liver-
y of the driver must be bright scarlet,
the four white horses drawing the
hearse must be covered with scarlet
nets, and scarlet plumes must deck
the horses' heads.

Companions in Misery.
"If it wasn't for my wife," grum-
bled the first man at the reception,
"I wouldn't be here."
"Neither would I," replied the
second one.
"The hostess is a great friend of
my wife. Is she a friend of
yours?"
"No; she's my wife."

ROOM AT THE TOP

Places of Trust and Honor Held
by Young Men

Baltimore Sun, Oct. 28th.

The successor of Rear-Admiral
Bowles as Chief Constructor in the
United States Navy is a Virginian
who has not yet reached his forti-
eth year. This is proof that the
man who has real ability will
climb to the top of the ladder, re-
gardless of considerations of age
or section. It is stated in a Wash-
ington dispatch that Commander
Capps, who will succeed Admiral
Bowles, was promoted over the
heads of six officers in the Con-
struction Corps. That does not
necessarily involve an injustice to
any of these officers. The post of
Chief Naval Constructor is one of
great responsibility, and the man
who fills it should be appointed
solely with a view to his quali-
fications and not with regard to the
time which he has spent in the
naval service. Commander Capps
is to be congratulated upon the
Government's recognition of his
ability. "His appointment," it
is explained in a Washington dis-
patch to the Sun, "is regarded as
another evidence of the policy of
President Roosevelt to select
young and energetic men to fill
the highest positions in the army
and navy."

The President is a
young man himself--yesterday he
celebrated his forty-fifth birthday
--and his predilection for youth
can readily be understood. On the
whole, the policy is a sound one.
The Government should avail it-
self of the services of the best
men, regardless of age. If Com-
mander Capps' qualifications for
the position to which he has been
appointed were superior to those
of the other members of his corps
his selection was entirely in accord
with the merit principle. Neither
the naval nor the military service
will suffer if this principle is rigidly
enforced at all times.

"Drummers" Fast Disappearing
The days of the old-time drum-
mer are numbered. Even as the
prairies and the buffalo succumbed
to advancing civilization, the com-
mercial traveler is vanishing be-
fore the advancing trusts. The
members of this species are grow-
ing fewer and fewer, and the day
of what practically will be the
final extinction is not far off.
From the ranks of the few remain-
ing drummers of commerce goes
up the cry, "The trusts did it!"

Who does not remember the
drummer of yore, dapper, confident,
suave and thoroughly at ease in
office or desert? As gallant, as
hardy in his search for a new
country, he journeyed over this
broad land to the boundaries of
East, North, South and West, the
private of industry, making it
possible by his work, and building
with his hands the Frankenstein
which have been his undoing.

The drummers of today are a
different class of men. They are
more in keeping with the size of
the capital invested in the trust or
syndicate they represent--solid, im-
portant-looking. The firms they
represent in many instances having
a monopoly of the goods they man-
ufacture, their attitude is "take
it or leave it, just as you choose;
if you want it you are obliged to
buy of us." There is no need of
the playing on human nature as
though it were a musical instru-
ment; there is little rivalry. The
drummers of yesterday are the
clerks of today, living in dreams
of their former glory.

Typhoid and Vermia
In a recent issue of Medicine is
presented a paper by Dr. Rosa
Engelmann, who discusses the
agency of cockroaches in spread-
ing typhoid epidemics. Insects, it
is declared, play a large part in
the dissemination of disease.
Kitasato and other Japanese sci-
entists, have found that fleas, bed
bugs and flies are active factors in
spreading the plague. As the
cockroach is omnipresent, his rele-
as respects disease, if any, must
be important. Miss Engelmann in
1902 made an investigation of a
house epidemic of typhoid in Chi-
cago. The disease was raging in
a high-class apartment in one of
the best neighborhoods, where
many cases had occurred. Near
it was a like apartment house where
no cases occurred. The cause of
the presence of the fever in the
one house and not in the other was
simply, it is urged, that the one
was infested with cockroaches while
the other was not. The vermin
had access to the water used in
culinary operations and contam-
inated it with germs obtained from
some source.

Climatic Cures
The influence of climatic conditions in
the cure of consumption is very much
overdrawn. The poor patient, and the
rich patient, too, can do much better at
home by proper attention to food diges-
tion, and a regular use of German Syrup.
Free expectation in the morning is
made certain by German Syrup; so is a
good night's rest and the absence of
weakening cough and debilitating night
sweat. Restless nights and the exhaus-
tion due to coughing, the greatest dan-
ger and dread of the consumptive, can be
prevented or stopped by taking German
Syrup liberally and regularly. Should
you be able to go to a warmer climate, you
will find that of the thousands of con-
sumptives there, the few who are ben-
efited and regain strength are those who
use German Syrup. Trial bottles, 35c;
regular size, 75c.

For sale by D. H. Grogan, druggist.

CONDENSED NEWS

Brief Items of Interest for the
Busy Reader

A quarry and mining plant is to
be established in Albemarle county
to develop scapstone and copper
deposits.

The number of matriculates at
the Virginia Polytechnic Institute
at Blacksburg is now nearly seven
hundred.

United States engineers are in-
vestigating a project to irrigate
2,000,000 acres of land in Central
Washington.

One of California's exhibits at
the St. Louis Exposition will be a
plank 11 feet wide and 60 feet
long. Application has also been
made for space for a tree eighty
feet.

A large number of Boer family
Bibles, found during the late war
by the British officers and men in
the Transvaal and Orange River
Colonies, are being returned to their
rightful owners.

The presentation of the Winnie
Davis Memorial Hall to the State
of Georgia took place last Thurs-
day. The Hall, which is one of
the most impressive buildings in
Athens, Ga., was erected by the
Georgia Daughters of the Con-
federacy.

The Mississippi Levee Con-
vention, which met in